

DECEMBER

1975

Christmas

ISSUE



AVATAR

EDITORIAL STAFF

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EDITORIAL POLICY

The opinions expressed in any particular article are those of the author and not necessarily agreed with by the editorial staff. Nor do the views necessarily conform to the official views of either the Solicitor-General's Department or the Collins Bay Administration.

As stated before, we respect a person's right to express his views, but we refuse to accept responsibility for them. We do hope that some of the articles stimulate interest on the part of you the reader, an interest which will provoke you into responding with your own views and thereby initiating an ongoing discussion here in the pages of the paper.

AVATAR:

a. integral

manifestation

or embodiment,

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of a concept, philosophy or tradition or a variant

phase of a continuing

basic entity. Two-

fold possibility and

two-fold purpose. This

paper is a continuation of

a long line of papers here at

the Bay and with it we, the staff

hope to breathe fresh life

into an old, but oft neglected

philosophy - future oriented human-

ism. Yours in the struggle!

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For a change of pace, and because it is Christmas, this issue is entirely creative. It is composed of short stories and poetry. The only regular features being printed are the crossword puzzle, joke pages, and the sports pages.

The AVATAR staff wishes all the inmates and outside readers, a Merry Christmas and hope that 1976 is a much happier year than 1975.

The Editor.

FREE

FOR

CHRISTMAS

chuck armstrong

For the past few months, he had thought of nothing but this day, what he would do, and where he would go. Now it was here and the plans were all jumbled in his mind. Here he was, standing on the corner of Bay & Dundas in Toronto, just off the bus, suitcase in hand and nowhere to go.

Coming in on the 401, down the Don Valley Parkway and along the Gardiner Expressway, he had noticed the changes in the city. 'My God,' he thought, 'it's not even the same city. It's like a new Montreal!' All the new buildings that weren't even dreamed about back in '67 when he had made the trip down below. And like a massive spinning top, towering over everything, was the CN Tower.

Now he was frightened. He was surrounded by happy crowds of shoppers, streaming along the sidewalk, oblivious of him. He felt like he was watching an old silent movie except for the noise. It was deafening! He wasn't used to noise or crowds and he stood there dumbfounded for a few moments before being carried away by the crowd when the traffic light changed to green. He felt smothered. He had to get out of this for awhile and think.

He noticed a cab letting passengers off at the curb a

few feet away and raced to it. "Take me to the Park Plaza Hotel, please," he told the driver. "I'm sorry buddy, I'm going the other way," replied the driver, "but it's just a couple of blocks that way and around the corner. You can't miss it."

It was more than a couple of blocks but he walked anyway. A half hour later found him in the lobby of the hotel heading towards the registration desk. He noticed a man leaning against the counter staring at him. The man motioned to the desk clerk and whispered something to him. He was sure that they were talking about him. Arriving at the counter, he spoke to the clerk. "I'd like a room please." "I'm sorry sir, we're all booked up," came the reply. He knew the clerk was lying. He knew it. But what was it? Had he been recognized? Impossible! It had been eight years. What was it then? Just then, the man who had been whispering to the clerk turned away from the counter and beneath the man's topcoat, he saw the belt holster. Acop. A god-damned cop. But how did he know? Suddenly it dawned on him. The suitcase! Everyone getting out of the pen carried the same type of bag. That's how they knew.

He went outside and hailed another cab. This time, the driver was available. A long drive over to Jarvis Street where the hotels weren't so particular about the type of clientele. The elevator wasn't working so he walked up the stairs to the room on the fifth floor. In the room, sitting on the bed, thinking, "Christ, what am I going to do?" He was home, but not a home with a warm living room and perhaps a fireplace. To him, home was the city, anywhere in the city.

Now what? He had four hundred and thirty dollars left after paying for the taxi and hotel room. Four hundred and thirty dollars to show for eight years of his life. He was free, but what was freedom really? Was it being alone on this day in this cold and unfriendly city? Or was it back at Collins Bay, surrounded by cement walls and armed guards, but in the midst of friends?

He couldn't call anyone, not even his wife. Ex-wife, that is, she couldn't take the sentence and he hadn't seen her in five years. Hell, he didn't even know her name since she remarried! And the children? They were too young at that time to realize what happened; that their father had gone to prison. Now, they wouldn't even remember him!

"I need a drink," he thought. Downstairs to the bar. "Geez, that liquor tastes good. Its been a long time". After a few doubles, he began to feel more relaxed and studied his surroundings. Lots of people. The blonde looks good. He needed a woman. It's funny he hadn't thought of it before now. One more drink and then, glass in hand, over to her table. "Hi, can I buy you a drink?" Looking him up and down, she then replied, "Okay." Simple as that. "Waitress," "What would you like, Miss?" "An old fashioned, thank you."

Some small conversation. She doesn't look so close from up close. "Christ, she's a hooker. Might as well, haven't got time to look around tonight."

They discuss price. Thirty-five dollars. Inflation has even reached the street. Upstairs to the room. They go to bed. It takes him all of ten seconds. "Sleep," she says, "we'll try again later." He wakes up. It's midnight. She's gone and so is his four hundred and thirty dollars. With tears in his eyes, he looks out the window down at the alley five stories below.

At the corner by the hotel, a Salvation Army Band is playing Christmas carols. All over Toronto, "Santa Claus" is placing gifts under the trees for the children in the morning. People flow by the alley entrance on their way to Christmas mass. No one notices the bloodied remains of a man lying beside the garbage can below the hotel window.

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ODYSSEY

I saw the toy in the toddler's hand,
The fat little fingers caressed and poked
and pinched
and tickled
and gouged
and choked
And dropped it to the ground.

Late in the evening I saw it again
Thrown away in a shadowy corner,
I picked it up
and felt with pain what it meant
to be a foreigner.

The glossy colors have faded away
Teethmarks and kicks didn't wreck it,
But I hear

and feel
and love
and cry

I am human - not a toy rabbit.

Then my mind drifted back to my early years
Remembering the punching and fondling of fate,
When I strutted

and stumbled
and cursed
and prayed

But no sound seemed to reach my ears.

For too long a time have I played to fool
Sick of a world full of cunning and guiles,
Hiding my anguish behind silly smiles
Aching and ailing in body and soul.

I came to the point where a man must act
Or be eternally sorry
I threw aside what held me back
Let the saints and the devils worry.

On a sleazy old boat I went anywhere bound.
Rid of my fetters and feeling no load,
Searching for something I didn't know what
And too dazzled to grasp what I found.

The urge overwhelms me, I catch my breath
I couldn't express THAT before,
Since I am here, I have lived without hate
But that's not all, there is more.

Now I feel rythm, a throbbing beat
And all of a sudden, I am aware,
I was a foreigner - over there
I am ME, no more toy rabbit.

H. Hubach

Man-San-Dum

Is an Indian word

Meaning shame,

Or more properly;

You should be ashamed,

And I have read

The words of Geronimo

And I am

I am ...

T. Forsythe

H. Hubach

L I F E

We only get one shot at it,

this life;

And all roads lead to where we are,

And what we are,

And who;

One shot;

no practice,

- No replay:

One shot,

In colour,

Live,

Until sudden death,

With no overtime;

Do we part -

Equality at last ...

Terry Forsythe

THE HONOURABLE THING

Terry Forsythe

There lived in our town, a very vain young man, who was fully persuaded that the entire universe revolved around him. He saw himself as a sort of sun, brilliant, necessary, and revered by all and sundry.

His was a sensitive nature, and it was this sensitivity that led him to his tragic end. Open as the pulse of conscience, and most generous with those manifold and enviable charms of which he knew himself to be the possessor, he drifted rather aimlessly through life, accepting accolades, tributes, and, at times, confidences, with the air of one who, though he realizes that he is most deserving of them, receives them nonetheless, with that paternalistic condescension so often seen in fathers on Father's Day.

One day, when he was in the midst of what is sometimes referred to as "his salad days", love came to heart of hearts. It literally took possession of his entire being; it engulfed him, consumed him, filling his heart, his mind, his soul. Love, not just for one but for two women; and not "just any" two women, it must be pointed out, but of the two most fair, most personable, and consequently, most sought after and pursued women in our town.

The one, a blonde, was a beauty by any standards. Nordic in appearance, she was likened to a Viking

princess; fresh she was like new fallen snow; soft as the wings of the butterfly. The other was raven-haired; olive skinned, and misty-eyed, with that certain aura of mystery about her, that makes some women so irresistible to men.

Loving them both with equal ardour as he did, he realized that eventually he would be forced to choose between them. To do this, to make this choice would, he knew, be for the one he selected, the beginning of a bright, and wondrous new world; a dream come true, so to speak. He knew too, that for the other, the one whom he would be forced to cast aside, it would be the ultimate tragedy, and all but unbearable for her. She would be terribly diminished; emptied, lacerated and wounded, with so deep a wound that not anyone could soothe, no balm would heal, and surcease from sorrow would be impossible.

Good he was, so very good and kind, that he found it quite impossible to make a choice between the two. He could not bear to contemplate the devastating consequences of his choosing the one over the other; upon the one he did not choose.

One afternoon, while walking alone in the park, and affording deep, painful contemplation to the enigmatic position in which he found himself, he came upon what he decided must be his course of action; the honourable thing, the merciful thing to do.

Having arrived at his decision, he returned purposefully to his rooms, and taking an automatic weapon from out his bureau drawer, he sent a .45 calibre bullet crashing through his brain.

The two young ladies lived happily ever after.

+ + + + +

Give me the wicked over the foolish. The wicked occasionally are not wicked.

- Alexandre Dumas -

L O N E L I N E S S

Losing your pet racoon or a good luck charm
is not loneliness

Losing your first fight or a wager
is not loneliness

Losing respect or your identity
is not loneliness

Losing your close friend or a loved one
is not loneliness

Losing a dear sister or a brother
is not loneliness

Losing a dear mother or a father
is not loneliness

But being alone with all these thoughts
is loneliness.

Jacques Michaud

only a little

cause there is a lot more

know at least what you do
know the feeling of them trying
to get rid of you

trying to shoot ya
should ya try the wall
try to poison you
with grease in the messy hall

try to make ya suicide
psychoanalyst patches you up
takes home his pay
hopes you do it another day
he's jivin
ain't even tryin

theres just no other way
they all say
kinda know you been through this before
know to get away when you're strong
and can walk through the door
you are the real spirit of the land
you are the excuse of the man
the intelligent, wholesome, modern man
you are the excuse for this mans total
impotence.

jay beasley

LOVE HAS NO BOUNDRIES

j. d. prince

The whistling wind sent swirls of snow which wrapped themselves around the lone traveller. The hunched-over figure, barely recognizable, was trudging through the cold December night on her way to the mission house where she hoped to give birth to a son. Her legs had back were aching, her lips and fingers blue. The snow around her eyelids, mouth and nose had frozen. Her swollen belly contracted with the pain which attacked in unrelentingly. She could feel the baby moving, antcipating its entrance into the world. Juanita was tiring, and realizing that with the pain occuring at regular intervals, her baby was due to be born at any minute, she began to panic. How far to the Mission House? Will I make it? I wish I could rest for awhile. Oh, Jesus! Help me.

She fell to her knees as the pain became overpowering. Through the falling snow, she saw a few feet in front of her a wooden-railed bridge. Perhaps if she could get out of the snow and rest for awhile underneath the bridge, she would be able to continue on her way.

There was a narrow path, which was snow-filled, that led under the bridge and Juanita with her pain-wracked and tired body, staggered down it. She sat down under the bridge and felt better for a few minutes. The cold wind seemed to seek her out, finding the hole in her coat and the tear in her dress. It aressed her body with its icicle hands. The pain in her body brought gasps from her. Her breathing began to get heavy. Her pelvic area felt as though a fifty pound rock had fallen on it.

Her baby was beginning to come into the world. It was not aware of the elements or special time tables, it

was time to leave the womb.

Juanita was weak, exhausted, cold, and frightened for her baby. She began to undress and tear her clothes into strips. She swaddled her son in the strips of cloth and held him close to her to keep him warm.

Sister Muriel Gallagher was driving the four-wheel-drive jeep along the mission road and just as she reached the bridge, the jeep stopped. She pressed the starter, pumped the gas, and kicked the floor boards. The jeep would not start, so she took a jerry can out of the back of the jeep and started to walk. She had taken only a couple of steps when she heard a strange sound. It sounded like a baby crying and it came from under the bridge. No, it couldn't be. Wait, there it was again.

Sister Muriel, stumbling and slipping, made her way under the bridge. She found the baby and his mother. The mother, naked, had frozen to death saving her baby. Her body was wrapped around the child protecting it from the wintry winds. Sister Muriel took off her coat and covered the baby. She climbed up to the jeep and placed the baby on the seat, then taking a blanket, returned under the bridge and covered the dead mother. When she got back to the jeep, she stepped on the starter, the engine turned over and she drove off to the mission. When they arrived at the mission house, Sister Muriel turned the baby over to the Monsignor and continued on her travels.

(12 years later)

"Father, may I go and visit my mother's grave today?"

"It is too cold, my son. The weather is terrible and we have to travel a few miles."

"Please, you promised me and I would like to go today."

"Alright my son. We shall go. Dress up warm and don't forget your mittens."

TIME LAUGHS AT MOST EVERYTHING

Time chips away at things as tho' he had a license;
No respector of antiquity, or of power,
He chisels away at pyramids, and civilizations,
And acorns, and oak trees;
Sometimes you don't think he's working;
You think maybe he overlooked something or other
Like with them pyramids, or the China Wall;
And you get to calling them 'Timeless' or 'Eternal'
Hell, Time has himself a good chuckle
When he hears those terms,
'Cause he's working alright;
Working away silently ... purposefully;
And each second of each day of each year
Them pyramids get shorter,
And that Chinese Wall becomes less of a wall.

You can say what you want and think what you want
About Time; and quote all them scientists, and philosophers
Who say he's only 'relative',
Or that he only exists through being perceived by man;
But Time, he knows better, and laughs again,
'Cause all them scientists, and philosophers ...

They all wear watches;

Time works away, chips away busily,
And the only thing he doesn't find funny is man's courage;
And if there's one thing man's got it's courage,
'Cause it sure takes courage to know that whoever you are,

Saint or Sinner,

Beggar or King,

Time's gonna eat you up, and spit you out some day,
Into nothingness

And that'll be the end of you.

That really takes guts, and Time knows that;

And that's the only thing he doesn't laugh at;

Man's courage; No sir ... He doesn't laugh at that.

Terry Forsythe

h
o
l
d
i
n
g

sunken into madness
that which engulfs the entire being
lost, bewildered
wait
a northern star
in the southern sky
chasing all thoughts of want

passing peace
passing the thought peace
so that peaceness may go somewhere
and be recognized
only for a second can this go on
so better the second
than the hour spent eating and sleeping
and wondering about
without pure motive

until the second can become two
and the two become an hour
and the hour many hours
there is no i
holding i
there is only that second

jay beasley

uptown morningside

there about when the day is done
and axis tilts to night
a small group climbs a big mountain

and across the water
into themselves

a box of crackers
the minature german shepherd
chases the leaves
baby marie, who is seven
romps on the benches and chases everything
then mommy meditates
and makes ready the feast
crackers and cheese
daddy tokes and gazes

there is a small boat in the water

wind is a little breezy
about fall of that year

a lone man passes the spot smiling

the feast taken
the tokes as well

shep was ran out
baby girl sleeps on the bench
daddy holds mommy in his arms

we are home

jay beasley

(19)

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

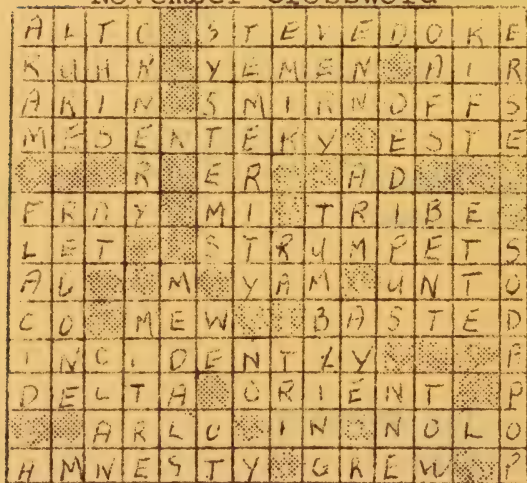
ACROSS

- 1 Annual Ailment
- 4 Lift
- 9 Arouse
- 14 Rhode Island Transit
(abbr)
- 15 Highlighting
- 17 Single
- 18 Before
- 19 Enemy
- 20ager
- 21 Letter
- 22 back-to-back
- 24 Article
- 25 American Medical Association
(abbr)
- 26 Title of respect
- 27 Observed
- 28 Melee
- 29 Taut
- 31 Box

- 32 ... Wallach
- 33 ... Maglie
- 34 Dairy
- 35 Exchanged
- 38 I ..
- 39 Sea Force
- 40 Girl's name
- 41 Exist
- 42 Gully
- 44 Nervous disorders
- 45 Man's name
- 46 Imitate
- 47 Volume
- 48 Tear
- 49 Speaker
- 51 Cringe
- 52 Biblical name
- 53 Egg producer
- 54 Recreation area
- 55 Chain

- 58 Atop
- 59 German title
- 60 Spanish cheese
- 61 Night preceded
holiday
- 62 Say
- 64 Water animal
- 66 free from
- 67 Girl's name
- 68 Classes
- 69 ...w down!

November Crossword



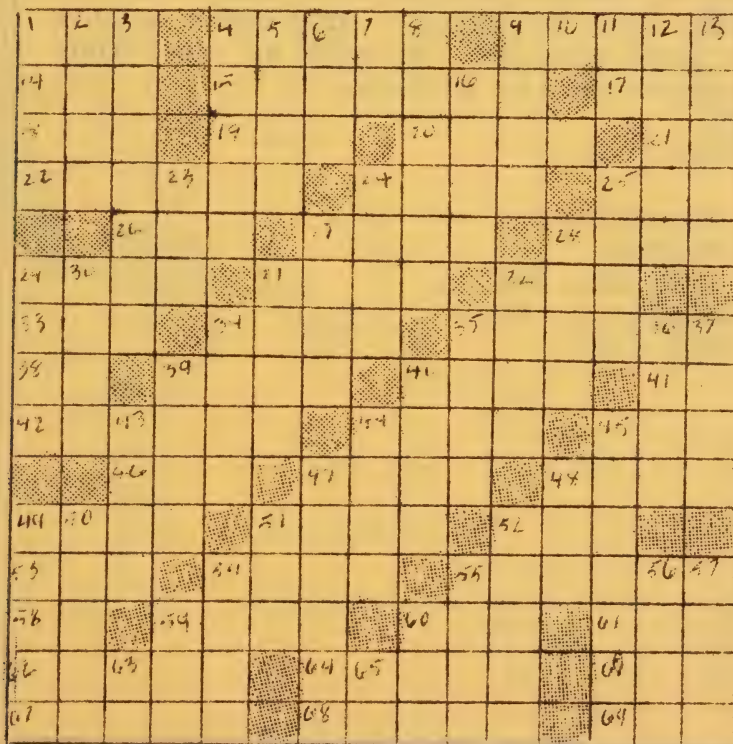
DOWN

- 1 Worry
- 2 Money (Ital.)

3 Fork
 4 Recommend
 5 Particle
 6 Frozen water
 7 Be quiet!
 8 Or
 9 Eras
 11 Leave
 12 Penthouse fixation
 13 Pass along
 16 No (German)
 23 Shadowy
 24 Group
 25 Dry
 27 Active
 28 Whip
 29 Peter, for one
 30dan. Moslem month
 31 Rescue

32 Sins
 34 Timid
 35 Small nails
 36 Argo End
 37 Act
 39 Bites
 40 Vapor
 43 Proud
 44 Discuss
 45 What we haven't been
 receiving lately.
 47 Reflect
 48 Erode
 49 as opposed to these
 50 Leases
 51 Conflict
 52 Eyes avidly
 54 Equal
 55 Run

56 Wicked
 57 Do again
 59 Lig...r
 60 Mel ...
 63 Here
 65 Thank you
 (Scot)



ARTICLES, POEMS, JOKES, ETC. WANTED

The AVATAR is a prisoners' publication and is a medium for inmates and interested people on the outside to air their views.

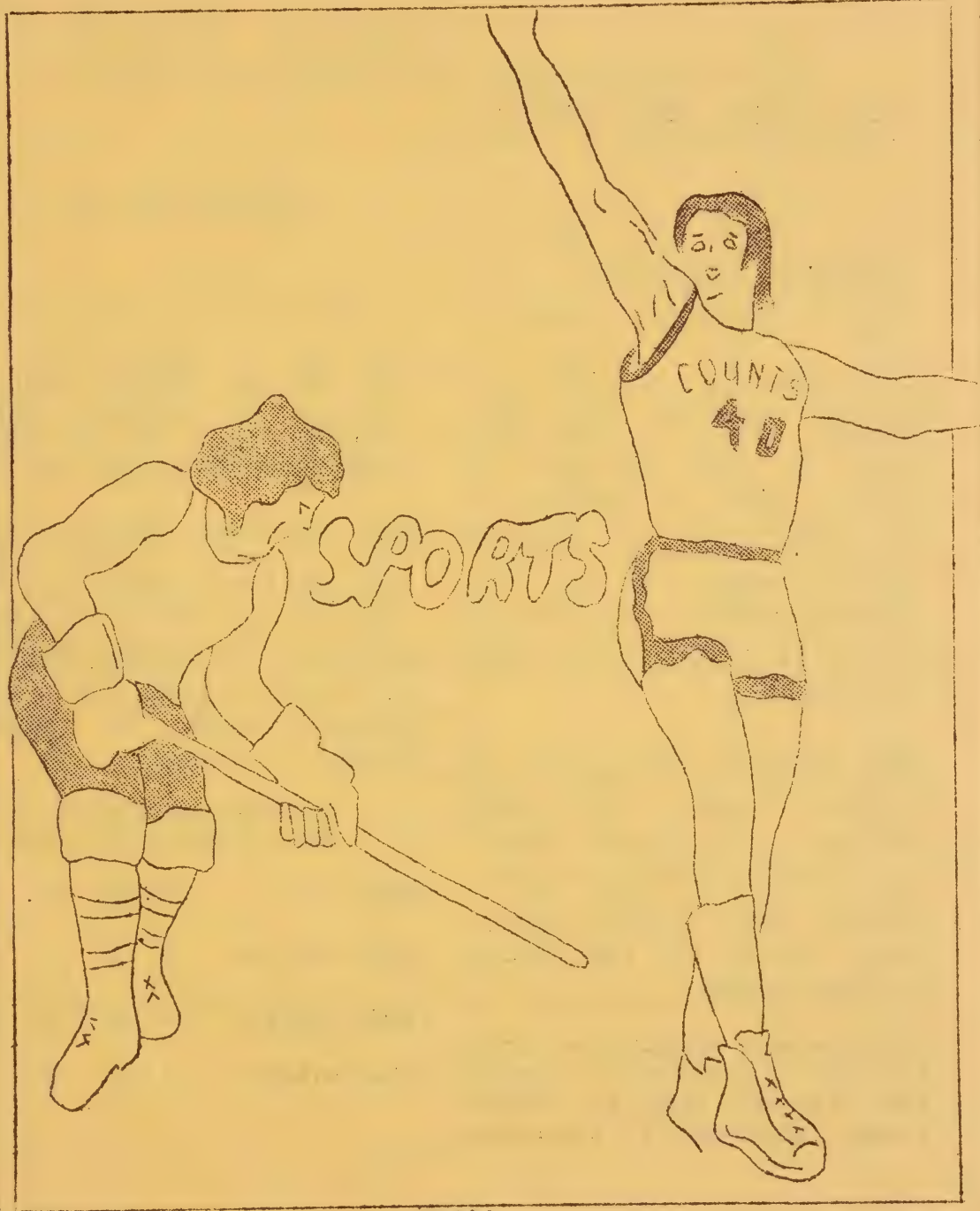
We need "feedback" in order to know what people like or dislike about the magazine.

Inmates wanting to contribute to the AVATAR can drop their material in the AVATAR box on the Strip.

We would like to hear from people receiving the AVATAR who are not in prison. Brickbats and/or Bouquets are both welcome as well as contributions from anyone on the street.

Send your letters to:

The Editor,
AVATAR
P.O. Box 190,
Kingston, Ont.
K7L 4V9



FLOOR HOCKEY

wayne hurlburt

When players don't know from one game to the next whether their team will have enough players to start a game or whether or not their team is playing at all (this is in a three team league where the schedule-making is a matter of course,) it isn't any wonder that there is a lack of players.

When players miss a lot of games due to minor injuries, which in other seasons they would have continued to play in spite of, it shows a lack of interest that could, before long, result in the demise of the league.

Many people speculated that it was a mistake to break the league down to three teams instead of four and

now we are faced with a shortage of players which could result in no floor hockey being played at all.

The Christmas break will soon be here which marks the half-way mark of the schedule, and with some players due to be released, let's hope replacements can be found to keep the league going. There is little enough to do now.

TEAM STANDINGS (as of November 21st)

Team	W.	L.	T.	Pts
Red Machine	7	2	3	17
Blue Stars	4	4	3	11
The Knights	3	6	2	8

FLOOR HOCKEY

TOP TEN SCORERS

(as of November 21st)

<u>PLAYER</u>	<u>TEAM</u>	<u>GOALS</u>	<u>ASSISTS</u>	<u>PTS</u>
B. Young	Red Machine	37	13	50
D. Hockins	Knights	24	21	45
G. McLeod	Knights	24	15	39
D. Marshall	Red Machine	16	13	29
P. Harper	Knights	14	13	27
R. Mallory	Red Machine	4	23	27
W. Hurlburt	Red Machine	0	27	27
W. Solomon	Red Machine	21	1	22
S. Massie	Red Machine	16	6	22
G. Barnes	Blue Stars	8	14	22

(Statistics provided by R. Greenfield - Scorekeeper)

BASKETBALL

Stu Lawrence

COUNTS LOSE IN OVERTIME

The Collins Bay Counts opened their 1975 season with an overtime loss to Queen E.

A lack of defense cost the home team the game. With a 17 point lead at one time in the game, the Counts had difficulty in controlling the play and continuously gave the ball away to their opposition with long shots.

Tied at the end of regulation time, the Counts ended up on the short end of a 93-86 score after a period of overtime.

Terry Dineen scored an impressive 32 points and Jay Beasley netted 18 for the Counts.

The AVATAR pick for Player of the Game is Terry Dineen.

COUNTS DEFEAT OTTAWANS

The Counts evened their record at one win and one loss by defeating the Ottawans by a score of 94-87.

Once again, a poor defense nearly cost the Counts the win. After trailing all through the game, the Counts came on strong and took the lead with less than a minute to play.

For a change the game was won mainly by inmate talent as the imported players were used sparingly.

Statistics are not available for this game.

The AVATAR pick for Player of the Game is Tom Brewer.

PRISON BASKETBALL LEAGUE STANDINGS

<u>TEAM</u>	<u>WON</u>	<u>LOST</u>	<u>POINTS</u>
Knicks	5	1	10
Blues	2	4	4
Green	2	4	4

TOP TEN SCORERS (as of November 30th)

<u>PLAYER</u>	<u>TEAM</u>	<u>POINTS</u>
M. Wilden	Green	181
E. George	Knicks	142
T. Dineen	Blues	127
G. Oliver	Knicks	126
J. Loader	Blues	103
Robinson	Knicks	94
J. Peasley	Knicks	89
B. Kifle	Knicks	70
T. Brewer	Blues	60
J. Prince	Green	41

1111

(continued from page 15)

As they arrived at the burial site, the boy turned to the priest and said: "Can I go to the grave by myself?"

"Certainly, but don't stay too long."

The boy opened the car door but the wind was so strong it almost shut the door on his leg. He managed to get out and walked slowly to the place where his mother had given birth to him twelve years ago and died in the process. It was his birthday and the anniversary of his mother's death.

He stood over the grave, the wind freezing the tears as they rolled from his eyes. He began to take his clothes off.

The priest wondering what was taking the boy so long walked down the embankment. Just as he came near him, he heard the boy say, "You loved me this much, Mother, you died for me."

The priest returned to the car and waited.

+ + + + +

JOKE PAGE

Four priests were sitting in the corner of the church discussing weaknesses when the first priest said: "I have a weakness. I'm an alcoholic and get drunk every night."

The second priest said: "I also have a weakness. I'm a bit of a lecher. I can't keep my hands off the women of the parish."

After a short pause, the third priest spoke up. "I also have a weakness. I'm a gambler. I split the offerings - half goes to the church and the other half I take to gamble with."

The three priests looked at the fourth one and waited. He didn't say anything so one of the priests asked him, "What about you? What is your weakness?"

"I'm a gossip," replied the fourth priest, "and I can hardly wait to get out of this church."

+++++

A stoned transvestite wandered into a beautiful cathedral and sat down in a middle aisle seat just as the richly vested priest began moving down toward the altar swinging an incense-burning senser.

"Say there," cooed the transvestite to the startled priest as he came abreast of him, "I just love your gown; but did you know your handbags on fire?"

+++++

It was an everyday traffic occurrence. One car had atopped for a light and the other had plowed into him from behind. The only odd circumstance was that the first car was being driven by a minister and the second by a priest.

A policeman came sauntering over as the two clergymen began to expostulate with each other. "How fast would you say he was going," interjected Officer O'Malley, "when he backed into you, Father?"

A woman suing her husband for divorce charged that he was too incouth to live with. "He's an inveterate tea drinker, your Honour", she explained, "and wherever we go, he always drinks his tea with his pinkie sticking out."

"But that's a silly criticism", said the judge, "Why, lots of people drink tea with their little finger sticking out."

"Who said anything about his little finger?"

+ + + + +

"I can't understand how I got pregnant," said the distraught girl to her doctor. "I've been taking my pills regularly. Look here they are."

The physician cleared his throat after he had examined one of the pills. "I'm afraid you have been taking the wrong kind of pills," he said, "but lets look at the bright side of things. It's my considered medical opinion that your baby will never get seasick."

+ + + + +

"I suppose that I should have suspected he was a hijacker," remarked the stewardess, "when he asked me for a sandwich and coffee -- to go."

+ + + + +

The psychiatrist asked the troubled man how long he had been thinking he was a dog. "since I was a puppy," the man replied.

+ + + + +

"What's your trouble?" asked the psychiatrist.

"I prefer bow ties to long ties", replied the man.

"So what? Thousands of people prefer bow ties to long ties. In fact - so do I."

"You do? How do you like yours - fried or boiled?"

+ + + + +

"You've done me a lot of good," she said to the psychiatrist as she shot him, "but I'm afraid now you know too much,"

+ + + + +

THE EXCHANGE

by G. Watson

For nearly a month, Dave Carter went directly to the bar located in the basement of the Laurentian Hotel as soon as he was finished work where he drank until closing time. His wife, Louise, whom he was madly in love with, had left him for another man. The loss of his wife left him miserable and inconsolable so he tried drowning his sorrows in drink. He found that by drinking for hours each evening, he would become insensible and would be able to fall asleep when he staggered home in the early hours of the morning. If he didn't drink, he would lay awake, tossing and turning, thinking only about his Louise.

One Friday night when the bar was crowded, a man approached the table where Dave was sitting and asked if he might sit down at the table. Dave had noticed the man on previous nights as being a customer but they had never held a conversation. He agreed to the request.

The two men introduced themselves. The stranger's name was Fred Harris and he told Dave he was from Toronto.

After a couple of rounds of drinks and a discussion on the merits of the Montreal Canadians, Fred turned to Dave and said: "Dave, I'm on a holiday and have been coming in here every night for the past week for a couple of drinks and no matter what time I come here, I always see you sitting there drinking. If you have a

problem and want to get it off your chest, go ahead. It might help you, and me being a stranger, you don't have to worry about it going any further."

Dave thought about the suggestion for awhile and then decided to tell Fred his tale of woe.

"I'm a sales manager for a large international corporation and have salesmen running in and out of the office all the time and it was always my practice never to mix socially with any of them after hours because they might try to take advantage of the friendship. That is, it had been my practice, until I met Paul Anderson. Paul was everything that I wish I was. He was tall, blond-haired, blue-eyed, you know, the Viking type. He also had a tremendous personality. To make it short, we started dropping into a bar for a couple of drinks after work and then I made my big mistake, I invited him home to meet my wife, Louise."

"Let me guess the rest," interrupted Fred. "Paul and Louise started having an affair and you finally found out about it."

"That's right."

"What do you intend to do to solve your problem?" asked Fred.

"I don't know," replied Dave. "I love Louise. She was my whole life."

"What about Paul?"

"I could kill him."

"Why don't you?" asked Fred.

"Because the police would arrest me and going to jail for the rest of my life won't solve anything," answered Dave.

"First of all, Dave, you have to realize that Louise

is lost to you for good. She prefers Paul to you therefore, can't love you. If it wasn't Paul, it would have been somebody else. Secondly, if you are serious about wanting to get rid of Paul for what he has done to you, then, I'm the person that can help you."

"In what way?"

"What if I showed you a way that you could kill Paul and get away with it?"

"Great. But how could I do it?"

"As you know there is always a motive for murder. It's either because of fear, greed, jealousy or anger," explained Fred. "But what if I killed Paul for you?"

"I would still be a suspect and they would arrest me," said Dave. "Besides, why would you kill Paul for me?"

"First of all, you wouldn't be a suspect because you would have an ironclad alibi, and secondly, I would kill Paul for you in return for you killing someone for me."

"What do you mean?"

"Say for example, that you get arrested for drunk and disorderly and receive a short sentence in jail. While you are in jail, and what better alibi could you ask for than that, I kill Paul. You have a perfect alibi, and as for myself, I won't even be a suspect because I don't even know Paul."

"Then after I get out of jail, you get yourself an alibi and I kill your man for you? In other words, we make an exchange of victims."

"Precisely."

"What if I don't carry through with my end of the bargain?" asked Dave.

"Then, I will kill you," replied Fred. I better explain something to you. I make my living by killing people. I get paid for doing just that, but I never personally kill the person that I'm paid to kill, instead, I exchange victims, and in that way I am always covered. For example, in your case, you can't go to the police if I kill Paul for you because you would only incriminate yourself and when you kill the person that I have been paid to kill, I will be in Florida or some place else far away and will have an excellent alibi.

"Do you make exchanges often?"

"You would be surprised, Dave, if you knew how many people in this world would like to have someone killed and when they find a way for it to happen with no chance of them going to jail, how they jump at the opportunity. But to answer your question, quite often."

"How long will you give me to decide?" asked Dave.

"One week," answered Fred. Then, I'll have to find someone else because I can't put off the contract I have on the person in Toronto much longer."

"How can I contact you?"

"Phone me at the Eton Hotel. The number is 368-2957 and I'm in room 354. I live there on a permanent basis."

Dave wrote the number down on a piece of paper and stuck the paper in his wallet. He also gave Fred his address. Fred finished his drink, the two men shook hands, and then Fred left the bar.

The week-end dragged by very slowly for Dave. He was restless and kept thinking of the possible consequences of the proposed deal with Fred. He had a rough time arriving at a decision.

On Monday morning, his mind made up, Dave made an excuse to leave the office. Walking along Ste Catherine Street, he came to a phone booth. Taking the piece of paper containing Fred's number out of his wallet, he closed the door of the phone booth, dropped a dime in the coin slot and dialed the operator.

"Operator," came the voice over the line.

"Operator, I would like to phone long distance to Toronto. The number is 368-2957 and I want to be connected to room 354."

Dave listened to the operator relaying the number to the Toronto operator. Now that he had reached a decision, Dave was surprised how calm he felt. He heard Fred answer the phone, and after depositing the amount of the call for three minutes into the slot, the line was clear.

"Hello, Fred? This is your friend in Montreal."

"Oh yes. What have you decided?"

"It's a deal."

"Alright Dave. Let's see now. Today is Monday, you go into your act on Wednesday and by Sunday, your problem will be solved."

"What about my end of it?"

"Don't worry, I'll be seeing you."

Dave hung up the phone and left the phone booth with a feeling of elation. As he walked back to the office, he decided on his plan of action in getting himself arrested.

On Monday and Tuesday evenings, Dave carried on in the

usual manner. After work, he went directly to the bar at the Laurentian Hotel where he drank until closing time.

Wednesday evening, he went to the hotel and proceeded to get himself arrested. After a few drinks he started to flirt with a girl at a nearby table. Her escort, a large burly man of around 30 years of age, glared at Dave.

At approximately 10:30 p.m., well fortified by liquor, Dave walked over to the girl's table. An argument developed between Dave and the girl's escort and after a few minutes of arguing, Dave clouted the man on the jaw, knocking him to the floor. The man got up and the fight was on. Tables were overturned, glasses were broken and a few female patrons screamed. The police were called and Dave and the man were arrested. They were taken to the police station where they were booked and put into cells.

They appeared in court on Thursday morning and after the case was heard, Dave, being the aggressor was fined \$200. or 14 days in jail. He chose the jail sentence. The girl's escort was fined \$100 or 7 days in jail. He paid the fine and left the courtroom. Dave was taken by the bailiff from the courtroom and led to the cell block to start his 14 day sentence.

On Sunday afternoon, just before supper was due to be served, the jailer opened the door to Dave's cell and he was told to follow the jailer because he was wanted by homicide detectives for questioning.

Dave followed the jailer down a long corridor, past offices where prisoners were being interrogated by detectives. He was led to an office where three burly detectives were waiting for him.

He was told that Paul Anderson was killed that afternoon and that he was being questioned because the detectives had found out about the romance between the

deceased and Louise, Dave's wife. The police told him he wasn't a suspect because he was in jail but they wanted to know if Dave knew of anyone whom was an enemy of Paul. After Dave had told them that he didn't know of anyone, he was sent back to his cell with the request that if he could think of anything that would help the police in their investigation to let them know.

Two weeks after his release from jail, Dave was visited at his apartment by Fred. He brought Dave a .32 revolver fitted on a .38 frame and equipped with a silencer. Fred told him to take the revolver out to the country and practice firing it but not to use the silencer until he was completing his end of the bargain. He was also given a picture of his intended victim, the victim's address and his daily routine. After telling Dave that he was leaving for Miami the following Tuesday and would be down there for a week, Fred left the apartment and drove back to Toronto.

Dave took the train to Toronto the following Friday night. He followed the victim around on Saturday and decided to kill him on Sunday.

On Sunday afternoon, Dave repaid his debt to Fred. He rang the doorbell of the victim's apartment and when the man answered the door, Dave smashed him in the face with the gun, knocking him to the floor. Dave stepped into the apartment quickly and closed the door behind him. He then fired six bullets into the victim's head, killing him instantly. With the silencer, there was hardly any noise at all when Dave fired the gun but he waited a few minutes before leaving the apartment. Nobody came to the door and he didn't see anyone on his way out of the building.

On the train back to Montreal, Dave's emotions were mixed. There had been a feeling of fear creeping through his brain that maybe someone had seen him and would be able to identify him but the further the train got away from Toronto, the fear gradually sub-

sided and was replaced by a feeling of exhilaration and power. He had taken another person's life and had got away with it. Looking around the coach at the other people on the train, Dave thought, I have the power to have any one of you killed.

Dave never went back to his wife, Louise. Instead, he started to take out a girl named Carol who worked in the office as a stenographer. He took Carol to dinner twice a week, dancing, and on the weekends to the football games and for walks around the mountain. Their relationship grew and Dave found himself falling in love with Carol. He decided to divorce his wife and marry her.

One Monday morning, Dave looked up from his work and thought he was seeing a ghost. A tall, blond-haired man was talking to Carol. He saw her point towards him and watched as the stranger walked towards him. The stranger introduced himself as Harry Smart and he told Dave that he had been transferred from the sales force in Toronto to Montreal. All the time Harry was talking, Dave was studying him. Besides being blond, Harry had blue eyes, flashing white teeth, and a magnetic personality. Another god-damned Viking type.

During the next month, Dave kept a close watch on the newcomer. To his consternation, he noticed that every morning, Harry would stop and talk with Carol. Each morning, it seemed that Harry lingered a little longer than the day before at Carol's desk. One afternoon, Dave called Carol into his office and suggested that they have dinner together and then go to a nightclub for drinks and dancing. Carol refused, telling Dave she had a date with Harry.

At least a half a dozen times when Dave asked her out, Carol refused on the grounds she had a date with Harry. She was sharing her evenings with the two men. Dave became furious and alarmed. Was history repeating itself? First, there had been Paul and Louise and now it was happening again with Carol and Harry.

Meanwhile, Harry had also fallen in love with Carol but, while admitting she thought an awful lot of Harry, Carol refused to marry him because she didn't want to hurt Dave after all he had gone through with Louise. The two men developed a strong hate for each other.

On Dave's birthday, he asked Carol for a date but again she had a date with Harry. To placate him, she told him she would spend every night with him during the following week while Harry was in Toronto.

The night before Harry went to Toronto, Dave tried to reach Fred. He phoned Fred's hotel three times but there wasn't any answer.

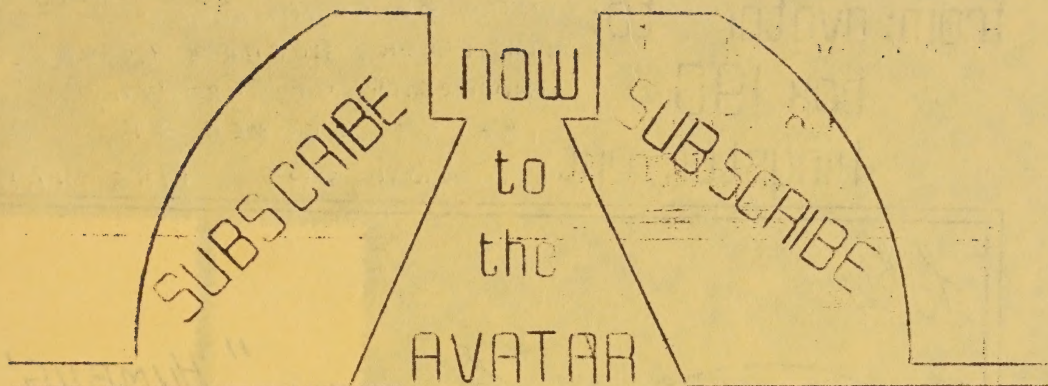
For three nights in a row, after Harry had left town, Dave took Carol out. On the fourth night as he was getting ready for his date with her, the doorbell rang. Dave went to the door and opened it. It was Fred.

"Fred!" exclaimed Dave in surprise. "I've been trying to get in touch with you. I want to make another exchange."

"You're too late," replied Fred as he emptied the contents of his silenced-equipped revolver into Dave's body, "Harry beat you to it."

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The AVATAR staff would like to thank three people in particular who have been a great help to us. Gary Barnes and Leo Theriault who help us fold and staple the magazines each month. (They do it without being asked) Also Mrs. Helen O'Neil, who seems able to clear away any roadblocks that confront us.



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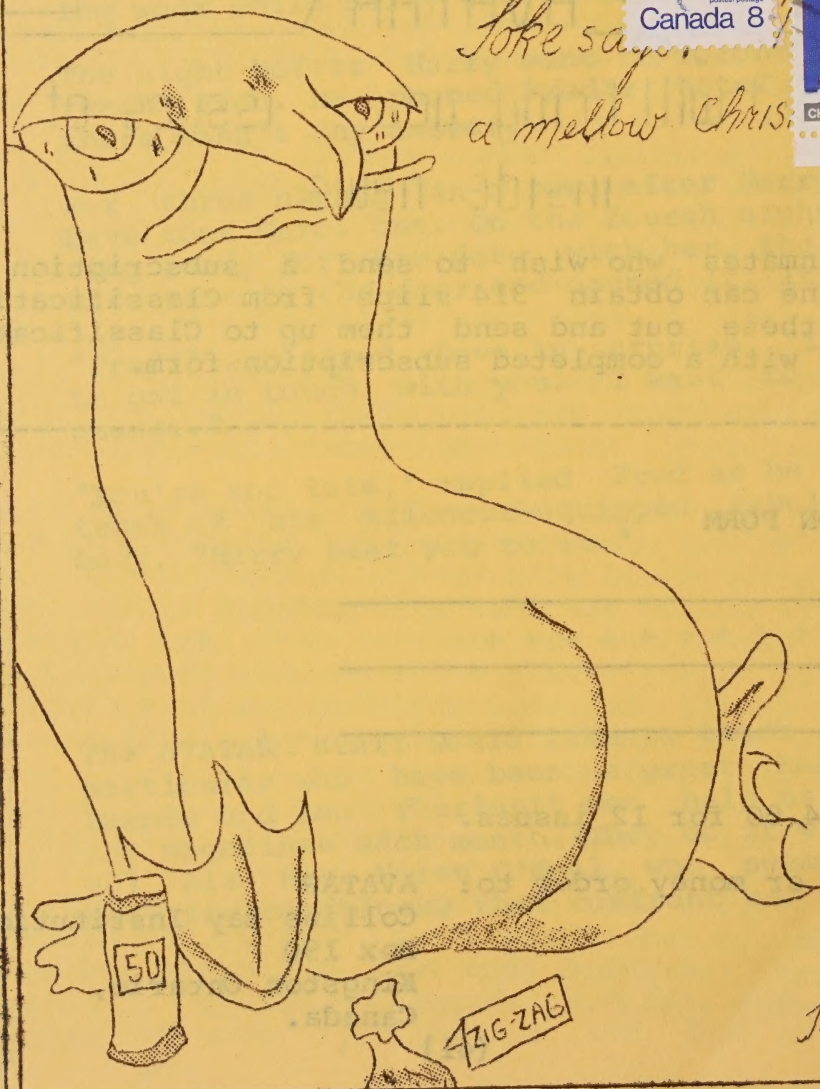
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